The Pariſh Clerk.

A New Comic Song.

Tune—*The Vicar and Moſes.*

HERE reſts from his labours, by conſent of his neighbours,
A peeviſh, ill-natur'd, old Clerk;
Who never deſign'd any good to mankind;
For of goodneſs he ne'er had a ſpark.
Tol lol de rol lol de rol lol.

But, greedy as Death, until his laſt breath,
This method he ne'er fail'd to uſe;
When interr'd a corpſe lay, Amen he'd ſcarce ſay,
Before he cry'd, Who pays the dues?

Not a tear, now he's dead, by friend or foe ſhed;
The firſt they were few, if he'd any;
Of the laſt he had more, than tongue could tell o'er,
Who'd have hang'd the old churl for a penny

In Levi's black train, this Clerk did remain
Twenty years, ſqualling o'er a dull ſtave;
Yet his mind was ſo evil, he'd ſwear like the Devil,
Nor repented on this ſide the grave.

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